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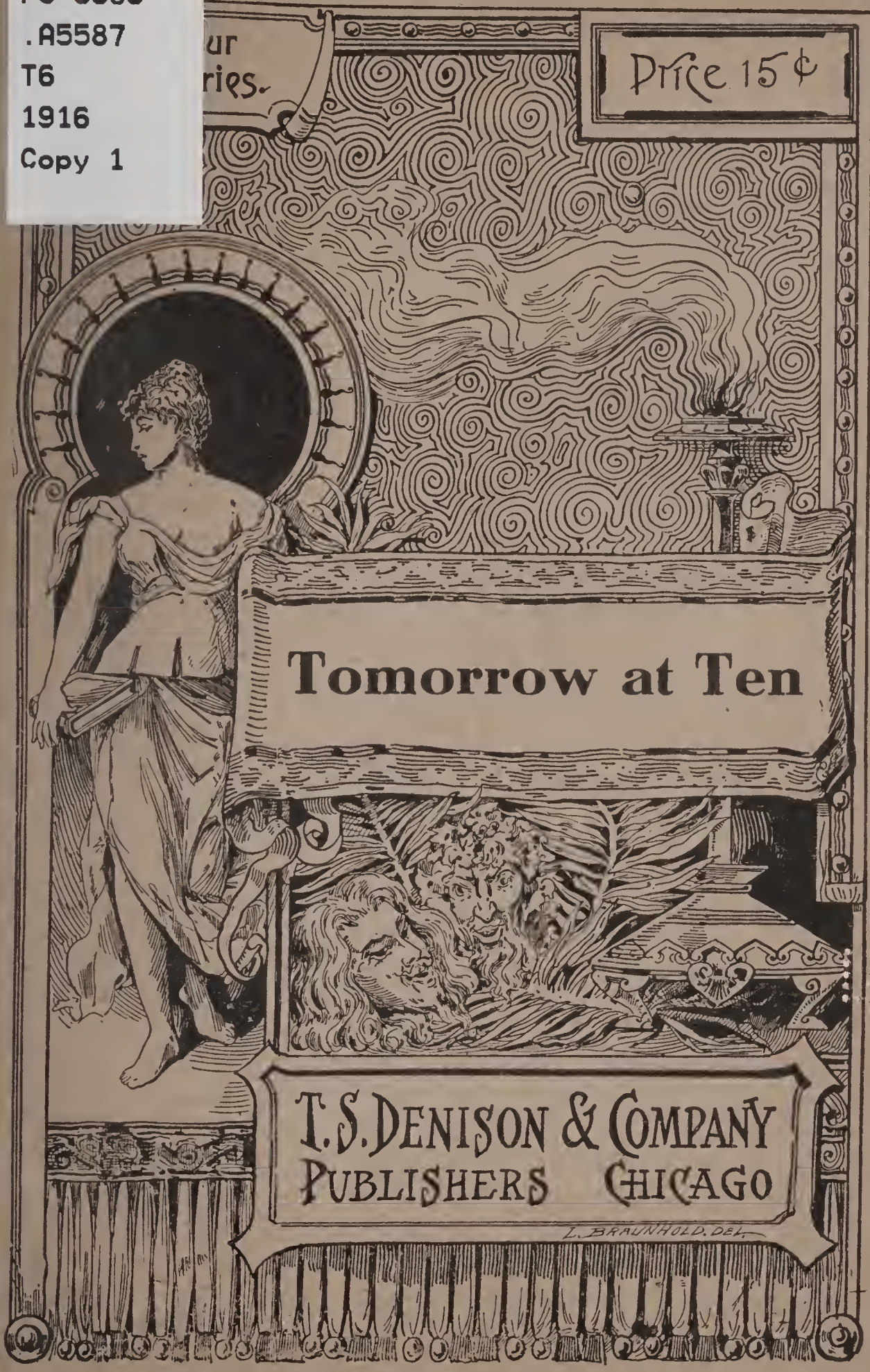

Tomorrow at Ten

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD. DEL.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
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Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	8	4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6	13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr....(25c)	10	
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Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	4	4
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Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	13	4
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Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h.(25c)	7	4
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Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	10	12
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Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs..	6	6
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Teacher, Kin I Go Home? 2 scenes, 35 min.....	7	3
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	6	4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	9	16
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	7	4
Town Marshal, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	6	3
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	18
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	17	23
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Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	7	10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5	3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

TOMORROW AT TEN

A COMEDY

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF

"After the Game," "All On a Summer's Day," "At the End of the Rainbow," "By Way of the Secret Passage," "The Dream That Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "The Promise of Tomorrow," "Sing a Song of Seniors," "The Thread of Destiny," "A Trial of Hearts," "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," "In the College Days," etc.

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

[1916]

TOMORROW AT TEN

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1916

CHARACTERS.

MR. MARLOWE ..... *A Young Artist*
MISS PERCIVALE ..... *An Enthusiast*

PLACE—*One Corner of an Art Gallery.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*

STORY OF THE PLAY.

It is the afternoon of an art exhibit. As the curtain rises, a young artist is discussing a picture with the young woman beside him, to whom, incidentally, he has just been introduced, and whose face, he declares, is familiar, although he cannot exactly place her. He finds her exceedingly intelligent upon the subject of art, and, pleased by her enthusiasm, he asks her to accompany him on the following morning to the private exhibition of a famous painting. She refuses on the plea of a previous engagement, which he urges her to break. She replies in a calm and matter-of-fact way that it is impossible to alter her plans, since at ten o'clock the next day she is to die of her own volition. Natural consternation follows and the girl unhesitatingly relates the incidents that have led to this decision. In the midst of her companion's agitation and his determination to avert such a tragedy, she declares that she is a lady of the films; that the puzzling recognition of her is due to the fact that her face is flashed continually on the screen and that her so-called "death" is but the dramatic climax of a movie, wherein she is the star.

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OCT 18 1916

COSTUMES.

MR. MARLOWE—Conventional afternoon attire.

MISS PERCIVALE—Handsome afternoon gown, hat, gloves, etc. She may wear a corsage bouquet and carry a silver mesh bag.

PROPERTIES.

Round lounge seat if possible—otherwise long lounge without back. Straight chair, small table, four pictures in heavy gold frames. Curtains for window, rugs for floor if desired.

SCENE PLOT.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R.* 3 *E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; 1*G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

TOMORROW AT TEN

SCENE: *One corner of an art gallery. Large window with heavy drapes, C. in F.; doorway, L. U. E. At C. is a round lounge seat. Large gold-framed pictures on wall R. and L. of C. in F.; also at positions of R. U. E. and R. 2 E. Straight chair between R. U. E. and R. 2 E. Small table L. 2 E. Rugs for floor if desired. Stage is well illuminated.*

As the curtain rises MR. MARLOWE *and* MISS PERCIVALE *are standing L. U. E., gazing at picture R. U. E.*

MR. MARLOWE. From here, Miss Percivale, the light upon the picture is perfect.

MISS PERCIVALE (*after a pause*). It's wonderful, isn't it? There's a life, a power, a vitality about Schreyer's paintings which is quite indescribable.

MR. MARLOWE (*inclining his head toward picture*). Splendid majesty about those Arab fellows.

MISS PERCIVALE. Especially the one on the courier steed.

MR. MARLOWE (*with interest*). Which is the courier steed?

MISS PERCIVALE (*indicating*). The one with drooping head—his very attitude speaks fatigue.

MR. MARLOWE. You have an amazing eye for details. Perhaps you have studied art?

MISS PERCIVALE. Never. I'm merely a lover of it, Mr. Marlowe, not a student. There's a vast difference in the two attitudes.

MR. MARLOWE (*indicating the lounge*). Won't you be seated? (MISS PERCIVALE *seats herself on L. of lounge.* MR. MARLOWE *crosses to R. and draws out chair.*) But cannot these attitudes, as you call them, be combined in one person? (*Seats himself.*)

MISS PERCIVALE. Undoubtedly. But not in me. The very moment that my eye is forced to be critical, that I am

made to regard the technicalities of the canvas, the soul of the picture—or whatever it is that passes into me—ceases to exist.

MR. MARLOWE. Yet understanding, it seems, should bring a keener pleasure in contemplation.

MISS PERCIVALE. Only a keener, technical pleasure. A picture, Mr. Marlowe, is a tonic to me, and if the tonic itself is effectual, why consider each separate ingredient?

MR. MARLOWE (*indicating picture R. U. E.*). Would you call *that* a tonic?

MISS PERCIVALE (*glancing at it*). A bracing one. Taken after a long, weary, discouraging day, it would infuse new vigor, strengthen ambition and inspire the beholder with a feverish desire to be "up and doing."

MR. MARLOWE. But suppose it were taken after a long and exciting day, wouldn't such a dose be a trifle too strenuous?

MISS PERCIVALE. Decidedly. I shouldn't think of imbibing. I'd turn instead to a lovely, peaceful Corot and let myself down. This pastoral view (*rises and walks to R. 2 E.*) in its sweet serenity and with its suggestion of woodland beauties would calm the most deranged nervous system. (*Gazes thoughtfully at picture R. 2 E.*)

MR. MARLOWE (*rising and standing at back of chair*). You have pretty theories, Miss Percivale.

MISS PERCIVALE. Here in materialistic America one must needs theorize upon art..

MR. MARLOWE. You should live in the land across the sea, where the commonest peasant stands enraptured before a masterpiece and pauses in his work to behold the changing beauty of a sunset.

MISS PERCIVALE (*turning from picture*). And where the waifs of the street whistle the strains of grand opera instead of the latest ragtime. Why is it, I wonder?

MR. MARLOWE. There's—*there* and here's—*here*. I'll dispose of your question easily if not coherently.

MISS PERCIVALE. I've often wondered why only the fresh, vivid tints of spring appeal to people. There is so

much subtle harmony in a gray day—and yet we are too busy anticipating the weather or lamenting the sun to observe the melody of subdued color.

MR. MARLOWE (*abruptly*). Have I met you before today, Miss Percivale?

MISS PERCIVALE. I think not. I have no recollection of an introduction.

MR. MARLOWE. Your face is so familiar—it tantalizes me. One moment I think I have my finger upon you—metaphorically speaking—the next you have quite escaped.

MISS PERCIVALE (*laughing*). What a will-o'-the-wisp! And how interesting I sound! Doubtless you have passed me in the street. (*Seats herself on R. of lounge.*)

MR. MARLOWE (*shaking his head*). It isn't that sort of a memory. It's the kind that comes all of a sudden—that makes you feel that—years ago—you met the person—talked with her—(*leans toward her over back of chair*).

MISS PERCIVALE. Why not? The theory of transmigration has a fascination which argues possibility. (*Gayly.*) Was I a court lady, a beggar girl, or just a plain, everyday person?

MR. MARLOWE. I can't imagine you as a plain, everyday person.

MISS PERCIVALE (*seriously*). I wish I were. I wish I could be just myself. That sounds strange to you, doesn't it? And it will sound stranger when I say that I am never the same. One day I wear regal robes, the next my clothes are in tatters. Sometimes I am a happy, light-hearted girl; again I am steeped in all the tragedy and woe of the world. I run the gamut of every emotion; I am a creature of moods, of fancies, of—call it what you will. (*Rises, crosses to L. and stands with back to audience, looking at picture L. of C. in F.*)

MR. MARLOWE (*following her*). You've a whimsical way of looking at this work-a-day world—of peopling it with creations of your own. (*At her right.*) Don't you ever stump your toe and fall out of this realm of unreality?

MISS PERCIVALE (*turning to him*). More times than

I'd like to acknowledge. (*As she looks through the doorway.*) Dear me! Almost everyone has gone. (*Hurries to window, pushes back draperies and looks out.*) And it's fast growing dark. My forgetting the approach of night, Mr. Marlowe, is a tribute to your ability as a conversationalist.

MR. MARLOWE (*gazing out window*). This sombreness of atmosphere ought to appeal to you. "A common grayness silvers everything."

MISS PERCIVALE (*lingering at window*). It's beautiful—and I do love it. I wonder if any artist has been clever enough to discover the green grays, the pink grays and the lavender grays—and to blend them harmoniously.

MR. MARLOWE. What would you say if I were to tell you of the existence of just such a canvas?

MISS PERCIVALE. I'd ask you to substantiate your statement.

MR. MARLOWE. Very well; I'll do so. Just such a treasure hangs in the studio of an artist friend. He leaves tomorrow night for New York—so, will you do the canvas the honor of beholding it—well—we'll say tomorrow at ten?

MISS PERCIVALE (*after a moment*). I'm sorry, but I can't.

MR. MARLOWE. Some other engagement?

MISS PERCIVALE. Only with myself.

MR. MARLOWE. Then break it; one's self is easily propitiated.

MISS PERCIVALE. But—"to thine own self be true."

MR. MARLOWE. There are exceptions to every rule, Miss Percivale. This is one of them. (*Pleadingly.*) Do come.

MISS PERCIVALE. You can't understand just how much I want to say *yes*.

MR. MARLOWE. Then say it. Impulses are good things to trust.

MISS PERCIVALE (*shaking her head*). I can't—I can't.

MR. MARLOWE. This engagement is only with yourself, you say?

MISS PERCIVALE. Only with myself.

MR. MARLOWE. Is it so important that it cannot be broken—or postponed?

MISS PERCIVALE (*seriously*). So important that it is inevitable.

MR. MARLOWE. Why, you're looking almost tragic over it!

MISS PERCIVALE. Why shouldn't I?

MR. MARLOWE. Why should you?

MISS PERCIVALE. But you don't understand. (*She walks slowly to L. of lounge.*)

MR. MARLOWE (*following her*). Won't you tell me, then?

MISS PERCIVALE (*turning her head*). Would you really like to know?

MR. MARLOWE (*standing back of her*). It's my supreme wish.

MISS PERCIVALE (*calmly gazing straight before her*). Then listen. My reason for refusing your invitation, Mr. Marlowe—for insisting upon this strange tryst with myself—is this. I am scheduled—to die—tomorrow at ten.

MR. MARLOWE (*in horror*). Miss Percivale!

MISS PERCIVALE (*without turning*). I'll repeat my last statement—it's a little difficult to comprehend. I am scheduled—to die—tomorrow at ten!

MR. MARLOWE (*after a pause*). I don't understand.

MISS PERCIVALE (*turning her head*). I didn't expect you to understand.

MR. MARLOWE. You are joking with me.

MISS PERCIVALE. I was never more serious.

MR. MARLOWE. You *cannot* be in earnest.

MISS PERCIVALE. Death is hardly a subject to trifle with.

MR. MARLOWE (*standing at her left*). Such a proceeding is impossible.

MISS PERCIVALE (*gazing directly at him*). It's not only possible, but unavoidable.

MR. MARLOWE. I can't believe you.

MISS PERCIVALE. I'm not forcing you to do so. I am merely stating the truth.

MR. MARLOWE (*impulsively*). Then you are—(*hesitates*)

MISS PERCIVALE. No, I'm not mad, if that's what you are thinking. My eyes are quite sane, are they not? (*He nods.*) My hand is quite steady. (*Holds out her hand which he takes for a moment.*) My mind is quite clear. I am fully aware of the step which I am taking.

MR. MARLOWE (*quickly*). You mean—

MISS PERCIVALE. That I do this of my own accord. Tomorrow morning, as is my custom, I shall drive my car along the pretty road which runs by the river. You will remember that the path gradually rises and that, at the highest point, there is an overhanging bluff. I shall leave my car and wander to the edge of this bluff. The gorgeous autumn foliage will attract me. I shall lean over to grasp a spray—and then—who will ever know the real reason for it all!

MR. MARLOWE (*in horror*). You really intend to do this horrible thing?

MISS PERCIVALE. I am quite determined.

MR. MARLOWE. It is not too late to—

MISS PERCIVALE. Oh, yes, it is. Remember, I am telling you this in confidence. You have no right to betray me, or to interfere in the slightest way with the plans I've been making for weeks.

MR. MARLOWE. But I shall make it my right.

MISS PERCIVALE (*coolly*). You—a stranger?

MR. MARLOWE. Do you think any man would stand aside and not raise a finger to prevent your carrying out this mad scheme?

MISS PERCIVALE. I think that before he asserted himself he would at least listen to my story.

MR. MARLOWE. Will you tell it—to me?

MISS PERCIVALE. Why not? It will help, I think, to share the burden, and now—at the very last—there is no reason to conceal it longer. (*She seats herself at front of lounge. He sits at her left.*) I am preparing for the operatic stage, Mr. Marlowe. I should say I *was* preparng. My voice had great possibilities, and my master, a tenor whose

name you would immediately recognize, had staked much upon my future career. I interested him—first as a possible artist, then as a woman. The inevitable happened—we became engaged.

MR. MARLOWE. Is this not painful for you to relate?

MISS PERCIVALE. It is a relief.

MR. MARLOWE. Then—I am listening.

MISS PERCIVALE. My sister came to New York—to be with me. She is very beautiful, very wonderful, and from the time *he* looked upon her I think my fate was sealed. I tried not to notice. I tried to believe otherwise, but one day I overheard—

MR. MARLOWE (*interrupting*). And you're making this sacrifice for them?

MISS PERCIVALE. Wait. I'm not so wholly unselfish as that. What I am doing is done mostly for myself.

MR. MARLOWE. For *yourself!*

MISS PERCIVALE. A month ago Fate dealt me a still heavier blow. She took away my voice. I was at my daily practice and suddenly I could not utter a note. I rested for a few days, then tried again, with the same result. The most eminent specialist of the country told me that I would never sing again.

MR. MARLOWE (*covering her hand*). I'm sorry—sorrier than I can say.

MISS PERCIVALE. I told no one, pleaded fatigue, and came on here—to get my bearings. After due consideration the matter will be settled—tomorrow at ten.

MR. MARLOWE (*rising*). You shall not do it. It's ridiculous—unnecessary.

MISS PERCIVALE (*rising*). Listen. Have you regarded the situation from my standpoint? If I marry I ruin my own life, that of my sister, and that of the man to whom I am engaged. I realize now that my charm lay in my voice and its possibilities. Without that I—

MR. MARLOWE (*angrily*). He's a cad—a—

MISS PERCIVALE. Oh, no; he isn't. He's an honorable man and he would never willingly release me from my

promise. You can see, I think, that marriage is quite impossible. (*He slightly inclines his head.*)

MR. MARLOWE. But life holds many other things for you.

MISS PERCIVALE. When the *one* thing is gone—forever? No, Mr. Marlowe, discussion is quite useless. I have chosen my way out of the difficulty, and while it may be a pagan way, a cowardly way—perhaps not the right way—it's my way—and that's all. (*Walks to R. U. E. and pauses with back to audience.*)

MR. MARLOWE (*dropping his head on hand*). I seem quite powerless to speak—to think—to act. Somehow I feel that the whole story is unreal—that in the healthy, wholesome sunshine of tomorrow it will be but a hideous dream of yesterday.

MISS PERCIVALE (*turning*). Mr. Marlowe.

MR. MARLOWE (*without looking at her*). Yes?

MISS PERCIVALE. After much digression we revert to the original question. You asked me, I believe, to accompany you to a friend's studio—tomorrow at ten. I have told you—at length—why I cannot do *that;* but if you care to change the appointment for the afternoon, I shall be glad to go with you.

MR. MARLOWE (*starting up*). What do you mean? (*Bewildered.*) I don't understand.

MISS PERCIVALE (*coming down stage*). Poor Mr. Marlowe! This is the last thrill I'll impose upon you, I promise. (*Lays hand on his arm.*) Listen once more. I told you, did I not, that I am a creature of fancy; that sometimes I am one person, oftentimes another? 'Tis all true. For I'm Jane Percivale of the films. My face has been flashed before you thousands of times. That's why you think you've met me—why—

MR. MARLOWE (*eagerly*). And the story?

MISS PERCIVALE. Is just one I'm acting—that's all. The temptation to put myself in a dramatic situation was too great. I yielded—and you really believed me guilty of the foolish things I told.

MR. MARLOWE (*seizing both her hands*). So you're not an opera singer?

MISS PERCIVALE (*laughing*). Can't sing a note.

MR. MARLOWE. And you're not engaged?

MISS PERCIVALE. Hardly.

MR. MARLOWE. And you wouldn't walk off that bluff?

MISS PERCIVALE. Except in a picture. Not much. People don't make such foolish, useless sacrifices, Mr. Marlowe, except in story books and "movies."

MR. MARLOWE (*releasing her hands*). I feel like another man. The horror, the uncanniness of it all was beginning to tell on my nerves—and—

MISS PERCIVALE (*laughing*). Poor man! It was cruel of me, I admit. As a reward for tolerating my dramatic temperament, come with me in the morning to see me do it. I'll leave you in the car, I'll gather the spray of foliage just as I said I'd do—and the dummy will do the rest.

MR. MARLOWE (*eagerly*). You really want me?

MISS PERCIVALE. I really do. Promise that you'll be with me—tomorrow at ten. (*She holds out her hand—he takes it.*)

CURTAIN.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	4
Women Who Did, 1 hr...(25c)		17
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

	M.	F.
All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min...	23	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..		5
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min..	6	10
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min...	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.		8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.		7
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min...	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min..	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
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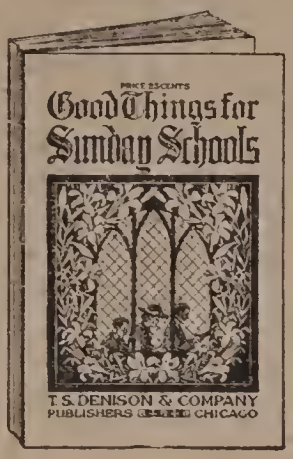

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